

# THE LITTLE UNITY.

→ \* TENDER, \* TRUSTY \* AND \* TRUE. \* ←

VOL. II.

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No. 8

## NARROW QUARTERS.

CORA H. CLARKE.

Have you not often noticed, in summer, light-colored blotches and markings on leaves? They are not ornamental, as they make the leaves look sickly. These blotches are usually made by insect larvæ, which eat the pulp between the upper and lower skin of the leaf. We shall find it a good plan, instead of turning from such leaves with disgust, as I used to do, to examine them carefully; and if the little worm is nearly full grown we can, by gathering the leaves and keeping them on moist sand under a tumbler, rear the perfect insect and see what it is like.

Many leaf-miners are the caterpillars of very minute moths, and I will copy for you parts of an article\* describing the habits of some of these little creatures.

Young *Coleophora* larvæ feed either as miners in the interior of leaves, or in the interior of seeds. When a leaf-mining larva has attained a certain age it cuts out the two sides of the mined place and constructs of them a portable case, which it never abandons except to make a new one when its increase in growth demands the change. In feeding, the larva attaches its case to a leaf and bores into it between its skins, eating out a transparent patch. They hibernate in their cases during the winter, and produce moths the following summer. In rearing, care should be taken not to keep the larvæ in too damp air. The food-plant may be kept fresh in moistened sand or water, and covered with a glass cylinder which has muslin or gauze tied over one end.

One species mines the leaves of the hickory in September and October. It makes a small, dark-brownish case, like a flattened cylinder, fixed to the under surface of the leaf. Another species mines the leaves of the hazel in the same months. Another, those of the wild cherry early in October. One species feeds on the leaves of the linden during the month of May; this has a black, somewhat pistol-shaped case, which is fixed to the under side of the leaf. The larva at this date does not mine the leaf, but eats holes in it. Another species, which makes a dark, somewhat pistol-shaped case, feeds on the under surface of oak leaves in October.

Some of the seed-feeding species make a case of the husk of a seed which they have eaten, and are very difficult to distinguish from the untenanted seeds of the plant.

The larvæ of *Nepticula* mine very narrow serpentine paths in the interior of leaves, the mine being always on the upper surface. The full grown larva quits the mine in order to weave a minute cocoon. The larvæ of some of the flies make mines that much resemble those of *Nepticula*, but these dipterous larvæ are more maggot-like

\* From the Pro. Ent. Soc., Phil., 1861.

in appearance than the *Nepticula* caterpillars. (I have often found serpentine tracks in the leaves of columbine and have reared small flies from them.) One species makes in the leaves of the hazel, in the latter part of July, a long, winding narrow track with a minute central black line. Other species may be found in the black walnut and hickory early in August, in the leaves of the blackberry about the middle of July, in those of the oaks in June and October, and in the leaves of the dwarf wild rose early in October.

These descriptions give you a few hints as to when and where to look for leaf-miners; but there are many other kinds to be found at various seasons and on different plants.

## INTELLIGENT COCKROACHES.

There being many of these little creatures in a house, the cook laid a trap to catch them. The trap was made of a box, with two pieces of glass sloping inwards from the two ends and stopping an inch from the bottom of the box. In this trap she caught many cockroaches, for after getting in they could not reach up to the glass to get out.

But one evening having noticed that the trap was nearly full before she went to bed, she was surprised in the morning to find that all the bait was eaten and every single insect had escaped. This happened several nights, and at last she resolved to watch. She saw one of the larger cockroaches stand upon his tail, and so reach up with his front feet to the edge of the glass, and then all the other cockroaches ran up his back on to the glass, and so out of the box, he dragging himself up last and escaping with the rest.—“*Life and Her Children.*”

## MAKING EXCUSES.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

When I was about ten years old I changed schools, and on leaving the one where I had been, the teacher gave me a letter all about myself. I guessed it would have more blame than praise in it, so I put it into my pocket without letting the other girls see it, and took it home to read when alone. The beginning, middle and end of the letter was all about my making excuses for myself. It made me very angry, yet I did not burn it up, but hid it. In about two years I read it again, and thought there was a little truth in it; a year more, and I concluded that perhaps she was right; another year passed, and I knew she was, without any perhaps in my feeling. I kept the letter and read it yearly as a kind of punishment to myself. But it took four years to find out that I had a habit of excusing myself, so I know how easy it is to make excuses.

I know somebody else who, when he was blamed,



always thought it was deserved; who never offered any reason as excuse for any little wrong deed, but who was always determined to *never need* them. And that is the way to do. To be so *truthful* and *brave* about one's self that one does not need to make excuses.

Truthful,—that is, you must not say you had a headache and so could not learn your lesson, when you were only a little tired, or merely provoked about something of which you were thinking. You must not say you could not help being rude, when, if you had been more patient and careful about your words, you need not have hurt any one's feelings. You must not say you had not time to brush your hair or mend your dress, when you would have had time if you had not played out-doors so long.

Just so with your practicing. There was time in the day for it, but not if you wanted to have your own way about doing something else. You must not say it was Ned's fault which made you forget to do what you had been told.

Children are not very tired as soon as they find something amusing to do. So when you ought to learn your lesson, or do something for somebody else which is inconvenient to you, be sure whether the reason which makes you think you cannot do it is a good one,—whether it is because you really are very tired, or only a little tired but yet dislike to do it.

Brave.—After you have found out why it is you are going to make an excuse, be brave and stop the word or thought of excuse before it is formed. Do not stop to think whether or not you are tired. Do the thing that is to be done. Again, just because it is hard work to be polite and to pick up people's scissors and thimbles, and sharpen your sister's pencils, and say good morning and good night when you are in a hurry, conquer your unwillingness and do it. It is brave to be neat when you do not care about neatness, and to remember to do errands when otherwise you could have had more time to play.

The reward of being truthful and brave is that by and by when you *really* cannot do something, you have simply to say so and everybody will believe you. But if you always go through life trying to invent excuses as a reason for not doing all the things you ought to do, you will find that no one will believe you, and that after all the excuse you must still learn the lesson, say you are sorry for the rude word, or go back and do the errand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ned went down town to carry a message. In his hurry he knocked over an apple woman's basket. On his way home he forgot to get some bread for tea, and in the evening found he had not brought the right book from school from which to learn his lesson. Wondering what to do about it, he half leaned out of his chair to pick up his grandmother's spectacles, lost his balance and fell on his knees, breaking one of the glasses. He then sat down to write a postal, blotted the card so it could not be read, and went to bed, excusing himself for everything and feeling quite contented!!!

Poets may be born, but success is made.—J. A. Garfield.

## THE LITTLE UNITY.

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Try a newspaper game together. Take the day's paper, and each of you, in turn, ask questions of the others about the cities or countries you see mentioned in it; where they are situated or what noted for. Tell all you can think of about them. It will sharpen up your memories and make the places seem more real to you.

When the girls put on their thimbles for work at the last Industry meeting, they began comparing the different kinds. Silver, black rubber, new-fashioned celluloid, old-fashioned steel, with and without tops, were tried and discussed as to advantages and disadvantages. "I wonder who invented thimbles," says Carrie. "Weren't the Dutch the first to use them?" questions Sallie. "It is said they invented them; and they were first called 'thumbells,' because they were worn on the thumb. I have read that they have even been found at Herculaneum, and were manufactured in England as early as 1605."

"I'll be glad when I'm grown up and don't have to be learning things all the time and trying to be good," said a little girl the other day. And yet, notice this: "Garfield never ceased to be a teacher, because he never ceased to be a learner." So it would seem that we don't learn all there is to be learned while we are young, and just have a good time when we are grown up, as children sometimes suspect, but keep on learning and trying all our lives. Fortunately our souls don't get their growth in this life, as our bodies do; and the sooner we acquire the habit of learning, not only from books, but from everything around us, the more time we shall have for the soul to grow strong and wise.

Did you ever hear a colored preacher talk to his people? He always tries to say something they can apply to their daily doings—something simple, that touches the understanding as readily as the daylight streaming in at the window lights up the objects in the room. Here is what one of them says about expecting too much from others, taken from the *Detroit Free Press*:

"Let none of us sot out wid de idea dat we shall fin' everybody willin' to make a el'ar road fur us.

"If you haven't sympathized with odders when deir sunshine has departed, doan' look fur sympathy when your own sky am over-cast.

"If we want a favor of anybody, we neber stop to ask if we have eber granted dem one, or if it will put em out to grant our request. De folks who do de least to make de world pleasant am lookin fur de moas' sunshine.

White folks can use this as well as black. Common sense and practical friendliness should never go out of fashion.



## GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.

We have a letter from a town in Dakota where an effort is being made to start a Union Sunday School. The "effort" seems to be confined to the getting together of material for work, such as lesson papers and books with suitable reading matter, for there is plenty of interest and willingness to work, but little money. If any of our readers in or near Chicago have old S. S. papers or books they are willing to spare, and would send them to 40 Madison St., addressed to the editor of this paper, there will always be some such place as the above waiting for them.

LEARNING TO DRAW; OR, THE YOUNG DESIGNER, by Viollet-Le-Duc. Translated by Virginia Champlin. Illustrated by the author. Published by G. P. Putnam, New York. For sale by The Colegrove Book Co., No. 40 Madison street.

When I read over the instructive articles in LITTLE UNITY I am often reminded of this book of Viollet-Le-Duc's, and wonder if the mothers and teachers who use this little sheet would not like to have their attention called to this work. It seems to me one of the best books to tell *how* to see. It is more than the title suggests. The author is no friend to the usual methods of teaching drawing from patterns, of spending wearisome hours over drawing squares and arches, but, taking geometrical figures, he shows how the lines are found in tables, crystals and leaves. The information is given in the form of a narrative, and the story is something like this: M. Majorin, a French gentleman, is one day rambling in the country with some friends and finds a boy named Jean, son of a "gardener and carpenter." This boy holds in his hands a drawing which his companions ridicule. This drawing represents a cat with two paws, head and tail—nothing more. M. Majorin is struck by the expressive picture, and asks Jean why he drew a cat with only two paws, head and tail. Jean replies: "Why, that is all I saw;" and he goes on to explain how he "sat in the door and the cat came along and looked at me, and she looked so funny I took out my pencil and paper and made this sketch." M. Majorin does not criticise the sketch, but asks to keep it, and the boy goes off. M. Majorin says to his friends: "Oh, that I had such a boy, \* \* \* because he was born an observer and because this faculty permits one to advance. His eye, in a few seconds, seized the principal lines and appearance of the animal, and his unskilled hand puts on paper what his eyes communicated to his understanding." A few days later M. Majorin goes to the father and asks permission to educate the boy, not because he thinks he will prove a great artist, but because he wishes to see "what can be done with a youthful mind by putting it in the way to observe and to turn its observation to good account every moment. Even if I make him a good workman only, I shall not compromise his future." The child is given to M. Majorin, who places him in a country school, but out of school hours gives him lessons in drawing, which I wish all the readers of LITTLE UNITY might share. In the course of these lessons the child is made acquainted with the principles of geometry, botany, mineralogy,

anatomy, surveying, etc., and what he learns he learns as a child who listens to a charming story, and the facts once learned remain fixed in his mind. M. Majorin teaches him how to use his pencil to express his ideas—shows him that everything he draws he must first understand.

The result of all this is that Jean becomes a skillful designer, and I end with the words of the book, "All because Jean took it into his head to draw a cat." And this is the moral: That drawing taught as it should be is the best way to develop the mind, and not only teaches what to see, but *how* to see.

## THE GREATEST HERO.

Who is the greatest hero?  
He of the strongest might?  
Or he that now, and always,  
Dares only do the right?

Who is the bravest hero?  
He of the sharpest sword?  
Or he that in all places  
Dares speak the truest word?

Who is the noblest hero?  
He that rules all the land?  
Or he that his own spirit  
Holds always in command?—*Myrtle*.

Probably one of the greatest recommendations for the best children's publications of the present time is that they have so much which is interesting to both old and young. The parents who spend a quiet hour before the children's bed-time in reading aloud to them, may entertain not only the young folks but themselves too; and you have doubtless noticed how much more those same little ones enjoy things when the older ones can genuinely share the pleasure with them. Nothing can excel *Wide Awake* in this respect. You can see for yourself by reading, in the June number, "The Ruskin May-Day at Whiteland's College," by Sarah K. Bolton; or "How a White Man became Chief of the Zunis," by Fred A. Ober. The various departments of the C. Y. F. R. U. are as full as usual of good things, and the poems and illustrations are of the best.

## THE BLUE-BIRD.

The English robin red-breast is tallied in this country by the blue-bird, which was called by the early settlers of New England the blue-robin. The song of the British bird is bright and animated; that of our bird, soft and plaintive.—*John Burroughs*.

AUNT ESTHER was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sunset, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddy, "but the old hen always goes with them."

Any success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts; and then it is yours, a part of yourself.—*J. A. Garfield*.



## A FIRST-DAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUSAN TAYLOR AND THE ROSE.

Susan Taylor was a very discontented girl; she was never pleased with anything—always looking out for what was disagreeable, and not for what was pleasant in anything.—She was going away from home, and her grandmother asked her if she would have a rose to stick in the bosom of her dress. So, being fond of flowers, she told her that she would like one. Away went her grandmother, with her cane in her hand, into her little garden, and gathered the finest rose that grew there. There were two buds growing on the same stem with the rose, and the leaves were as fresh and green as the leaves of a rose-bush could be. You may suppose that Susan was not a little surprised when her grandmother snipped off the rose, the two buds and the green leaves with her scissors, and offered Susan Taylor the stem alone, all covered with thorns.

"O, grandmother, this is not a rose! Do you think that I will stick that ugly stem in my dress, without a single flower or leaf upon it? No; that I never will! You do not deserve to have roses growing in your garden if you spoil them in this way."

"Perhaps not," mildly replied her grandmother, "but there are other people in the world besides me who spoil their roses."

"Then," said Susan, "they must be very silly people."

"I think so, too," replied her grandmother. "And now I will tell you the name of one of them: it is Susan Taylor."

Susan reddened to her very ears, while her grandmother said, "It has pleased God, Susan, to mark your life with many blessings, mingled with a few cares, and you are continually neglecting your blessings and remembering your cares. If, then, you thus wilfully despise your comforts and repine over your troubles, what is this but throwing away the flowers and green leaves of your life and sticking the thorns in your bosom?"

Who is like Susan Taylor?—*Scattered Seeds.*

I SAID it in the mountain path,  
I say it on the mountain stairs:  
The best things any mortal hath  
Are those which every mortal shares

The grass is softer to my tread,  
For rest it yields unnumbered feet.  
Sweeter to me the wild-rose red  
Because it makes the whole world sweet.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

## AN INGENIOUS DOG.

A gentleman in a country town has a small black retriever dog which is very fond of sugar, so his master always puts a lump on the chimney piece for him at breakfast time. Nero barks, and jumps, and stands up on his hind legs; but it is just out of his reach, so, after a few minutes, he always goes under the table for a footstool, which he pushes along with nose and paws till in the right position, and then stands up on it and takes his sugar.

His master was ingenious, first, not to put the sugar within too easy reach of the dog. Half the relish of that bit of sweets would have been lost if it had been laid indulgently within his very mouth. So when you are eager to have something you have seen, of value, plan some way in which you can get it—or help get it—for yourself. It will have a double value for you afterward. Don't go too readily to your teacher or parent to be helped over a hard place in your lesson; think it out, step by step, yourself. Don't be less ingenious or self-reliant than a dog.

## NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

"Now I lay me down to sleep."  
When fades the last faint ray  
Of the rosy tinted day,  
There gently steals a solemn thrill  
Through the evening air so still,  
As from each hearthstone, far or near,  
Rise the voices of the children, clear,  
As in their perfect trust they say,  
While from their noisy sports they stray,  
And twinkling stars in wonder peep,  
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Not alone for childhood fair  
Is meant this simple prayer,  
But even to manly strength and prime  
Shall come at last a needful time,  
When, 'mid life's battles' sudden gloom,  
He hears the nearer step of doom,  
And, though strong with Samson's power,  
He knows the coming of that hour,  
And repeats in tones more deep,  
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

When the form that is now so proud  
Shall with age be lowly bowed;  
When the hair now as black as night  
Shall with the winter snows be white;  
When the head slow time is keeping  
To the eyes with sorrow weeping,  
And vainly tries to call the past  
Slipping from its grasp at last,  
Then faintly from the lips shall break,  
"If I should die before I wake."

Not for a little childish dream  
Should be told this simple theme  
Not alone for quiet and calm,  
But the bivouac and fierce alarm;  
When dangers round about us swell,  
As when peace and plenty dwell,  
From age, and youth, and manhood's prime,  
At life's closing evening time,  
In accents soft and low should break,  
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."  
—G. H. C. in N. Y. Mail-Express.

## DOING AS FATHER DID.

A gentleman in Philadelphia, who has a golden-haired little daughter three years of age, took her to church for the first time the other day. At home she causes much amusement by attempts, in cunning baby fashion, to do just as her father does. It was an Episcopal church, and she sat through the service and sermon with mature gravity and sedateness. It happened to be communion Sunday; and, being a communicant, her father went with others toward the chancel, unconscious that his little daughter was following him. As he knelt and bowed his head, she took her place beside him, and bowed her head upon her tiny hands. Those who saw the sweet and touching sight were much affected by it.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Owing to some unavoidable delay, by mail or otherwise, we are obliged to disappoint our readers by omitting Lessons IX. and X. of Mrs. Sunderland's Sunday School Lessons from this issue. We shall expect to give it in the next number without fail.

Series XI. of Sunday School Lessons, by H. M. Simmons, entitled "The More Wonderful Genesis," which appeared in LITTLE UNITY just before the present one by Mrs. Sunderland, is now put into pamphlet form. Price, 15 cents single copy; \$1.25 per dozen. For sale by W. U. S. S. Society, 40 Madison street, Chicago.

The Western Unitarian Sunday School Society has just issued a "Flower Service," prepared by J. Vila Blake, of Quincy, Ill. Eight pages of Music and Responses; a "Form of Christening," in which the children of the school take part, is connected with this service, to be used or omitted at pleasure. Price, five cents a single or SAMPLE copy; 40 cents a dozen; \$2.50 a hundred. Send orders to W. U. S. S. Society, 40 Madison street, Chicago, Ill.